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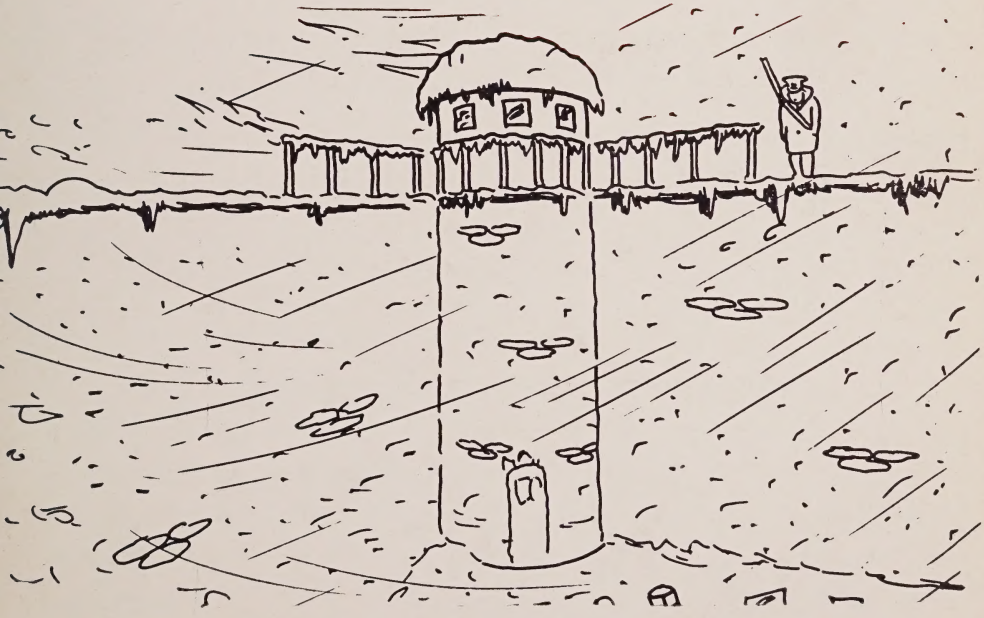

- SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 1964 -

"The K.P. Telescope is published to provide the inmate with a medium of creative expression and communication, in order to cultivate a better understanding with the outside world."

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SEPTEMBER

CONTENTS

OCTOBER

ARTICLES

Reformative Penal System ..... *S. Barman B.A.* 6
Is Corporal Punishment Necessary? ..... *T. Thompson* 21
From Laser to Death Ray ..... *Jack Caplin* 27

FEATURES

Penal News ..... *Dale Fairchild* 2
Warden's Diary ..... *Fred Segriff* 9
Crossword Puzzle 15
Prisms 18
The Rythm Room ..... *Reno Taylor* 19
Prisms 23
Telescoping Sports ..... *Vince Mulligan* 24
Nell The Belle ..... *Poem* ..... *Ron Druce* 32
The Wish ..... *Poem* ..... *Whitey Houston* 32
Crossword Puzzle Answers 32

HUMOUR

The 11th Commandment ..... *Staff Written* 31

FICTION

What Cannot Be Sensed ..... *Staff Written* 11
Beyond Man's Knowledge There Lies? ..... *Alan Baker* 16
A Long Way Home ..... *Sid Heath* 28

SEPTEMBER & OCTOBER CENSUS

High Number	1242	Low Number	1378
Received During Month	173	Deaths	0
Paroles	0	Discharged by Expiration	27
Transferred	160	Escaped	0
Parole Violations	4	Total Population	872

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PENAL NEWS

Robert Fairchild

POLICE SHOWUPS UNCONSTITUTIONAL: - Philadelphia: -

Federal District Judge Abraham Freedman of Philadelphia has ruled that forced participation of prisoners in police lineups is a violation of their constitutional rights.

Judge Freedman, in his ruling has forbidden the use of prisoners in lineups unless the police have the prisoners permission.

In suits filed by two prisoners at the city detention centre in Holmesburg, Pennsylvania, Judge Freedman ruled that there was substantial merit to indicate violation of their contitutional rights. The prisoners contended that they had been required to participate in a lineup against their will.

Judge Freedman stated that "just as a defendant who is on bail may be observed as he enters and leaves his home," so also could authorities arrange to have prisoners viewed while they exercise in a prison yard or while they are in their cells.

(Via the Presidio

MODERNITY IN FRANCE

Toulouse: - What the French call the world's most modern prison-complete with swimming pool and hotel for visitors will be built in Muret. The thirty million dollar structure, which will be built on 23.7 acres, will have a movie theatre, athletic field, gym, television room and chapel.

(Via the Courier)

PLASTIC SURGERY USED AT PRISON

For the last two years, surgeons from a medical center have volunteered their time to do plastic surgery at Clinton State Prison, Dannemora. State Commissioner of Correction Paul D. McGinnis reports that the program has been so successful in raising the morale of the prisoner-patients that it may become a permanent part of the prison medical service. He said that the surgery has freed many prisoners of physical defects that they feel have contributed to their antisocial behavior.

PLANS TO REWRITE BASIC PENAL CODE STATED IN REPORT: -

According to a Associated Pres release, California has arranged for the first drastic revision of it's basic criminal law in 92 years.

A Joint legislative committee for the revision of the penal code said today it has hired Prof. Arthur H. Sherry of the University of California School of Law at Berkeley to head the rewrite project. Committee chairman is Edward J. Reagan of Weaverville.

Sherry said he will begin assembling his staff this summer and will recruit the best legal talent available in California, both in the profession and in law schools.

The project originally outlined by Gov. Brown in his inaugural message last year is to completely rewrite California's basic criminal law

The existing penal code has many quaint sections. It is illegal to trap a bird in a public cemetery or to hold a boxing match on Memorial Day.

The code forbids a long list of gambling games which have not been played since the days of gold mining camps.

Sherry said, "This will be a tremendous job which could take up to five years. We will be paving the way through some very sensitive areas for some big decisions by the Legislature."

(Via San Quentin News)

NEBRASKA ATTORNEY GENERAL CITES COURT DECISIONS

Two recent United States Supreme Court Decisions will make criminal convictions tougher, according to Attorney General Clarence A. H. Meyer, of Nebraska.

One was a May 18 ruling that Federal regulations pertaining to the Fifth Amendent's self incrimination provisions apply equally to the states. The other on June 22 restricts the powers of police to obtain statements from criminal suspects in the absence of their attorneys.

Mr. Meyer said the second decision means that a suspect must be provided with an attorney if he requests one and the law enforcement officers must notify the suspect that he may obtain an attorney even if he does not request one.

The Attorney General said he is not sure whether the decision will retroactively reopen old cases. He said the decisions seem to apply to misdemeanors as well as felonies.

Mr. Meyer said the full meaning of the twin decisions must now be determined and Nebraska law enforcement procedures revised in accordance. He further said he would make every effort to familiarize law enforcement officials with the importance of the decisions.

(Via The Forum)

5000 CHIDREN JAILED LAST YEAR

Texas: Five thousand delinquent children were confined in jail cells last year because there was no other place in 245 Texas counties to put them. The mentally retarded and the dependent and neglected were often jailed with them. Only nine counties—Bexar, Dal-

las, El Paso, Harris, Jefferson, Nueces, Potter, Travis, and Wichitaw—have special facilities for holding children. Of the 12,000 detentions reported to the Texas Youth Council in 1962, 8,000 were in one of these special facilities; the other 4,000 were in jails.

STUDYING REHABILITATION OF EX-CONVICTS

Victoria (CP) - British Columbia is making an organized move to help rehabilitate ex-convicts by getting the opinions of employers about hiring persons who have served time in B.C.'s prisons.

S. Rocksborough Smith, provincial director of corrections is conducting a survey of 128 municipalities and 1,000 employers to find out how many of them would help by giving jobs to puplic offenders on their release from jail.

The survey asks what kind of training the employers would like to see prisoners get and what type of organization they would like to deal with in hiring ex-convicts.

Penology researcher C.J. Smith claims that employment is the greatest boost a convict can receive in his bid to resume life outside prison.

POTENTIAL CROOKS FOUND IN GRADE ONE: - London: (AP) -

Two American criminologists asserted that it is possible to spot a future crook on the day a child begins schooling.

In a paper to the first International Congress of Social Psychiatry, a husband and wife team of the Harvard Law School, Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, said the budding criminal can be ascertained by means of a test.

The test made up of questions put to parents and children enables the researcher to place his finger on a child with a latent criminal potential.

The test made up of questions put to the Glucks said.

Eleanor Glueck, who read the paper, said the mother plays a determining role in whether a child is to become a delinquent.

The three vital factors which determine the mother's influence on the child are the amount of supervision she is giving her child, the amount of discipline she is able to infuse into it and the amount of cohesion there exists, in the family.

The Gluecks said their method of testing boys, for instance, could establish whether the child who pulled a girl's hair or threw ink pellets was a potential delinquent or just high spirited.

Of 300 American boys tested in 1953, 23 out of 27 who were charted as potential delinquents had become serious and persistent criminals by 1963. On the other hand, only seven of 193 predicted non-delinquents turned to crime later, she said.

"It is terribly important that a mother should remain close to her children." That raises the whole question of working mothers.

"If mother goes out to work there has got to be a substitute," she said.

FEDERAL COURT ORDER FORMS AVAILABLE

Inmates desiring to petition for a writ of habeas corpus in the federal courts will no longer be required to

wrestle with legal terminology or seek out the advice of "jailhouse" lawyers in attempting to draw up a suitable document.

The federal courts have now made court order forms available for persons in state custody. These forms for federal writs can be secured by writing to the Clerk of the U.S. District Court, Southern District of Iowa, Des Moines, Iowa.

In line with this legal innovation by the federal courts, the state of Texas has made available for it's prison inmates similar type court order forms to be used in filing petitions in the Texas State courts.

Richard C. Jones, Assistant Director of Treatment of the Texas Prison System, stated that the forms were devised to make it easier for an inmate to file a writ, and be sure that the courts get the necessary information to consider the cases.

Mr. Jones also stated that, "If anyone has a legal right to freedom, we want him to go. We want him to have access to legal actions."

(Via The Presidio)

CLEAN SLATE OFFERED TO MICHIGAN PAROLEES

Ex-inmate in the state of Michigan may have their convictions annulled after five years if they finish their sentence or parole satisfactorily.

A bill provides that ex-inmates who have their records annulled shall be treated in all respects as persons who have never violated the law—which could have its advantages if looked at in the proper light.

(*Via*: *San Quentin News*)

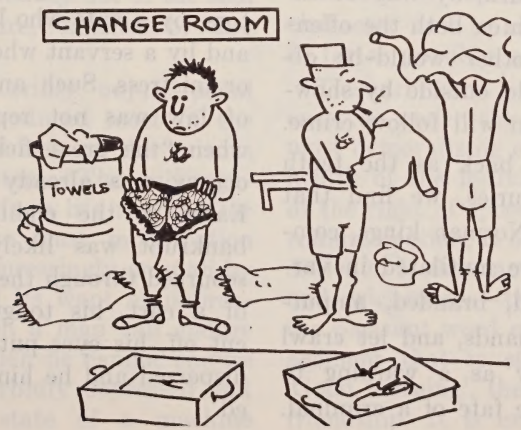
DEATH PENALTY LEVY

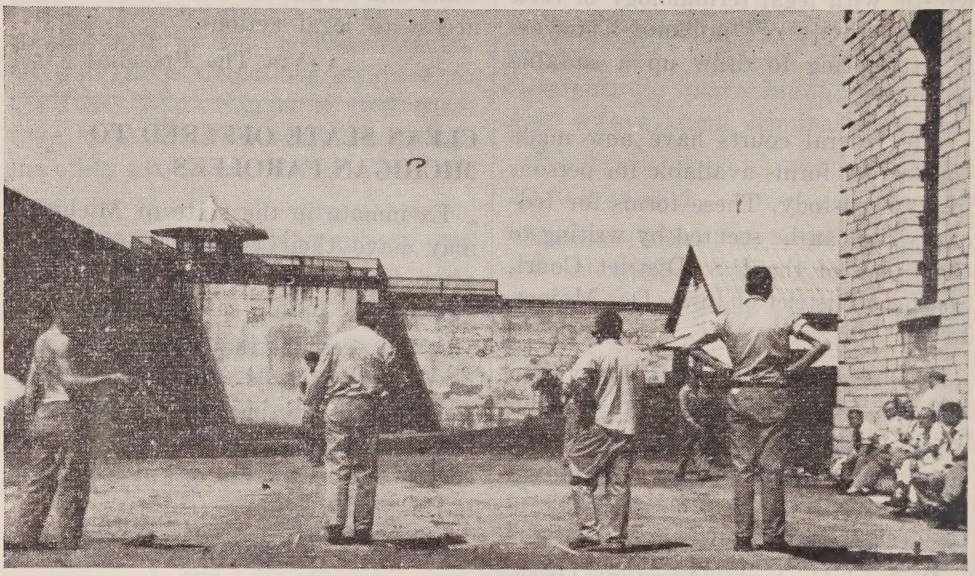
Bangkok, Thailand - Heroin and morphine manufacturers and peddlers face the death penalty or life imprisonment under a bill approved by the Thai Cabinet recently.

(Via the Courier)

WHY QUIBBLE?

Johannesburg, South Africa. (UPI)—Morris Koema told the Bantu Affairs Commissioner's office that he was born in 1804. Officials doubted his claim. They checked the records, and finally set his birthday in 1854. So he is really only 110 years old, and not 160. *Via*: *The Clock*





Reformative Penal System

—S. Barman, B.A.

There are three aims of punishment, namely—retaliation, prevention and reformation. The preventive and retaliatory theories represent the old schools of penology. Formerly the aim of punishment was to make the offender suffer in his turn, by way of expiation and to frighten both the offender himself and other would-be offenders in the world outside by showing that retribution will follow crime.

Looking as far back as the tenth and eleventh centuries, we find that under Saxon and Norman kings, common criminals were mutilated in various ways, blinded, branded, amputated of feet and hands, and let crawl about the country as a warning to others, showing the fate of a criminal. Such punishments were decreed with great particularity. Later, about five hundred years after, in Tudor times, we look for but still find no advance. In this period boiling alive was the punishment for prisoners and burning at the stake the penalty paid by traitors, by a wife who killed her husband and by a servant who killed his master or mistress. Such an atrocious system of law was not repealed until 1790, when "the great fickle lamp of democracy was already over the earth". Early in the eighteenth century, a bankrupt was likely to be publicly scourged through the streets at the end of a cart, his tongue split, his nose cut off, his eyes put out, his property dispersed and he himself finally hanged.

Still later, forgers were usually hanged, a celebrated case having been that of the Rev. William Dodd, one of the most fashionable preachers of London, "who had signed the name of his benefactor and friend, Lord Chesterfield, to a note".

Coming down as near as early nineteenth century, we still find the primitive spirit or revenge and retaliation in the treatment of the criminal. The account given by George Ives of the spirit of that period with regard to penal methods is as follows:

"An instance appeared in *Time* paragraph, 18th January, 1801—which tells how a certain Andrew Branning, a luckless urchin aged only thirteen had broken into a house and carried off a spoon. Others were with him but they ran away and only he was captured and brought to trial. His story ended in two words which were short and customary: Guilty—Death!"

This incident shows the attitude of society to crime and the criminal during the early nineteenth century. It shows to what a great extent the social outlook with regard to penal methods was pervaded by a spirit of retribution and revenge. Society still believed in the theory that the aim of punishment was to drive criminality out of the soul of man by torture, violence or any method of force.

It was this horribly unjust penal treatment that produced most of the dangerous desperadoes of the prisons under the old system. "The dull regularity of prison life, a life running for years without the least modification and which acts depressingly on man by its monotony and its want of impressions; a life which a man can endure for years, but which he cannot endure without being morbidly depressed and reduced to the state of a machine which obeys but has no will of its own; a life which results in an atrophy of the best qualities of man and a development of the worst of them and, if much prolonged, renders him quite unfit to live afterwards in a society of fellow creatures."

Moreover, the prisoner, when discharged after such a life of terribly deadly monotony with the inevitable consequence of moral and physical degeneration, carries out with him into society all his vices in a more developed form. Under the old system, the prison was a sewer throwing out into society "a continuous flood of purulence, the germs of physiological and moral contagion". It had a poisoning,brutalising, depressing and corrupting influence. Thus the old retributive penal system neither reformed nor got rid of the criminal, but merely hoarded him up temporarily to turn him loose on society more wolfish than ever.

As the long history of the penal system shows, severity is a double-edged weapon and if the offender leaves prison a worse man, a more embittered enemy of society than he was when he came in, society is injured equally with changes in prison treatment has been to remove or modify the features which conduced to deterioration of mind or character and to make imprisonment, so far as possible, a period of training.

The arbitrary enforcement of silence, as under the old regime, had a most demoralizing effect on the mental health of the individuals. "The denial of the right of speech does not prevent communication, it only renders it more difficult. It does not hinder conspiracy and wickedness—those get by; it is the pleasant word of hope and encouragement that is stopped—the cheery 'Good morning', the kindly greeting of friendship. It is exactly as if an en-

gineer were forbidden to put oil on his machinery for fear that he might be tempted to throw in sand." The inevitable accompaniments of restriction of liberty were suspicion, fear and hatred. There was under the old regime a system of constant espionage. Unnatural offences were likely to take place as the result of essentially unnatural environmental social conditions, of terrible deadly monotony, of overwrought nerves. These serious shortcomings of the old system led to the inevitable consequence of moral and physical degeneration; and these shortcomings were due to lack of freedom and denial of the initiative inherent in human nature.

When we speak of freedom as a principle of reformation, we must not be misunderstood as implying a complete absence of compulsion. The conception of a reformatory institution in which there is to be no compulsion is completely erroneous. The fact is that there has to be compulsion, but so far as possible it should take the form of moral influence rather than of overt action. The chief function of a reformatory institution is to teach its inmates that there is no such thing in human affairs as absolute freedom, and that no man in life can escape responsibility for the consequences of his own actions. The individual offender's first contact with the institution has to be that of responsibility and confidence. He has to be made conscious of his responsibilities to the institution, of which he is a member; and of the fact that the institution desires of him his voluntary co-operation in the upkeep of its discipline. The institution in its turn has to keep confidence in each constitutent member, has to rely on each individual's voluntary contribution for its general welfare. Thus we see the freedom which is to be allowed to the inmates of the reformatory institutions is not an absolute freedom, but a "limited freedom both of the individual and of the community to make mistakes, to test for themselves the value of every law and the necessity for every restriction imposed upon them."

The Warden's Diary

—Fred Segriff

I delivered the keys to John Saunders at half after 4 o'clock. I saw Mr. Murray come in time for bell ringing. I attended to the punishment of the prisoners:

John Woods # 4077; offence, chewing tobacco and when spoken to by the guard, denied it, and swallowed it. He was then sick on the workshop floor. His punishment is four meals bread and water and three nights without his bed.

Felix Plant # 4114; offence, for having two knives concealed in his cell. His punishment will be five meals bread and water, three nights without his bed, and ten lashes with the cats.

Alex Mills # 4250; offence, for talking to convict in the backhouse. His punishment will be three meals bread and water, one night without his bed, and to keep backhouse clean for one month.

Leon Derocie was up on report this morning and was awarded three dozen lashes with the cats and to be moved to another institution. Being suspected by the Guard Cameron for having tobacco, Derocie was asked to submit to a search. He refused to allow this and when the guard insisted on searching him, he immediately put himself in the attitude to fight swearing he would fight any man who tried to do this. At the same time he struck the guard two severe blows on the side of the head and another on the mouth thereby inflicting a severe cut through his lip, after which he swore he would fix every guard in the prison who would search him for tobacco.

Alan Blyth # 3799; offence, for talking in the shop when at work. His punishment is four meals bread and water and three nights without his bed.

Sly Fink # 4162; offence, for mewing like a cat in his cell. He will go without his meals and have five meals bread and water and three nights without his bed.

After I had seen to the convict's punishment book I proceeded to inspect the shops. Everything was quiet and orderly. Once again I reprimanded Guard Powell for threatening to throw Guard Carney out of his shop. Surely Guard Carney as disciplinary officer, is entitled to go into the shop to see if everything is alright.

After inspecting the shops, I proceeded to the dining hall and saw to the convicts' dinner. There were more complaints about the quality of the meals, but it seems that these convicts cannot be satisfied.

I then proceeded to the female section of the prison to look after the punishment book.

Bridget Howard was the first and her offence was quarrelling with the waitress in the dining hall and when spoken to by the Deputy Matron, abused her shamefully, by saying, "Go to Hell Fats!" Her punishment shall be 24 hours in the cellar and solitary confinement until further orders.

Penelope Ward will be locked in the Dark Cell for 72 hours for making a great disturbance in the prison, by screaming and yelling at the other convicts; scolding the Matrons and throwing her shoes at them; and then refusing to put her shoes on again.

Norah Kyle, it has been reported by Matron Boyle, has been creating a great deal of disturbance in the prison, yelling and screaming, and using threatening language. She will spend two weeks in the Dark Cell; one week on bread and water.

Sarah Ward will spend the next 48 hours in the dark cell for getting up from the table in the dinning hall and striking Smith, giving her a black eye.

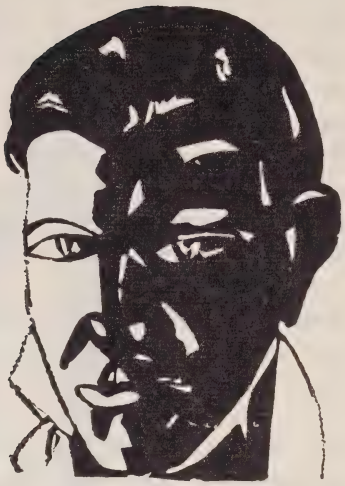
Ellen Ellis will be made to spend three days and three nights in the cellar on bread and water for coming up to Ann Doyle this morning after prayers and saying, "I'll make you quit your talking about me in the washhouse." She called Ann a great many dirty names and spoke of "her bad doings in Toronto;" she then gave Ann a box with her fist knocking her over.

Ann Doyle will be punished for taking up her bible to strike Ellen back. She was prevented from doing so by Mrs. Cook, the matron. Doyle will spend 48 hours in the dark cell.

LEFT HOLDING THE BOTTLE

Judge Andrew Doyle asked, "do you drink?" "No sir," replied the defendant, "thats why they had me holding the whiskey."

A defendant appeared in the Nashville, Tennessee, City Court charged with possession of whiskey for resale. He contended that the three pints of whiskey found on him were given to him for safekeeping by some friends.



WHAT CANNOT BE SENSED

Staff Written

The overloaded truck had reached the stock yards before breaking down. Edward Kane found no consolation in this, however. Neither did he find consolation in the fact that his cattle had brought top money at the meat packer's auction. Now sitting big and bearish on the edge of the bed in his room at the Westbrook Hotel, he could think of nothing but his bad luck in having to stay the night in Toronto.

It was not that he disliked Toronto. He had met his wife here—in front of this very hotel, as it had happened and for that reason he would always have a high regard for the city. It was just that the quiet of the room made him acutely aware of how alone he was. He missed having his wife, Jacquie, near. In six short months of marriage, she had become so much a part of him that he did not feel whole while away from her .

Pushing unruly, sun-streaked, brown hair from his craggy brow, Edward lay back on the bed. He soon lost himself in pleasant thoughts of his young wife, escaping the depressing atmosphere of the hotel room. He remembered with poignant clarity the day seven months ago that he met her.

It had been a cold day even for November. He had just sold a load of cattle, parked his truck and was scurrying against a strong, chilling wind along Keele Street to get a hot cup of coffee. He saw her for the first time half-kneeling in front of the Westbrook Hotel, the upright collar of her beige-coloured coat obscuring part of her face, speaking reassuringly to a gaunt and shivering dog.

Perhaps it was the music of her lilting French accent that attracted his attention, or perhaps it was the tenderness with which she held the small dog's head against her slender body. Whatever the reason, he stopped and watched her comfort the shivering animal. She turned, startled, to discover that he was studying her, a deep flush crept into her cheeks. She straightened up and began to walk away. He noticed a very slight limp. Forgetting himself for the moment he called out to her. She stopped and looked at him with a puzzled expression on her face. The dog paused too, but then darted away completely forgotten by the two people.

They stood together, breaths causing visible clouds of mist, in the bone-chilling, cold air. It was obvious

from the way she nervously patted at her bobbed, auburn hair that she did not wholly understand what he wanted of her. But he introduced himself and held her attention with a continuous flow of conversation. He suggested a hot cup of coffee and she accepted his invitation. Together they went into a nearby restaurant.

It came out in his conversation that he owned a farm and Jacquie, this was her name, seemed to become much more interested in him. She asked him a great number of questions and soon they felt as if they had known each other for years rather than minutes. But all too soon it was over. Before they parted, however they managed to exchange their addresses and a promise to write each other until he could return to the city once again.

As it turned out, he made it a point to return to the city every Saturday from then on, until they were finally married. She talked more about herself each time he saw her, eventually revealing that she had been brought up on a farm in Quebec; that she had come to Toronto when her parents had died and the farm had been sold for taxes; that a childhood polio affliction had left her with a partially paralyzed right leg; and that she had a love for all animals. In a relatively short time he came to know, too, that a life without her would be a life hardly worth living.

A heavy truck rumbling past on Keele Street brought Edward out of his reverie. Forced now to abandon his daydreams and face reality, he became depressed and lonely again. It occured to him that a visit to the hotel's lounge might be tonic for his loneliness.

He put on the blue tie he had carried all day in his pocket. It did not go well with his plaid shirt and brown suede jacket but that was of no great concern to him. What was of great importance was the eighteen hundred dollars he had been paid for his cattle. Before leaving the room, he took particular care in hiding it.

When Edward stepped into the crowded lounge he was met by a refreshing blast of cool air, from an air-conditioner discreetly hidden in the wall at the end of the long mahogany bar. Since all the stools at the bar were occupied, he slid into a booth. He felt a little uncomfortable among so many people but, leaning back against the leatherette seat, he resolved to stick it out. Anything was better than the solitude of his closet-like room.

On an elevated dais back of the bar, five Italian youths played loud rock-and-roll tunes. The saxaphonist, the guitarist, and the bassist did a sort of two-step to the music. Occasionally the guitarist was inspired to undulate his pelvis in the manner of a belly dancer. Edward sipped his drink and watched this with amused detachment. Suddenly, he became aware of someone staring at him. He glanced about the lounge twice before seeing her sitting at the bar. She was part way around on her stool, obviously trying to attract his attention. Her hair was black and long, falling in waves past her shoulders. She was tall and as her tight-fitting pink dress revealed, almost perfectly proportioned. Edward had seen others of her kind during his service in the army. They had not all been of one nationality, but there was a sameness about them which gave an impression

of sisterly relationship. He was reminded for a moment of a visit to a house on a dark street in Japan, and the memory seemed repulsive now that he was married.

She interpreted his returned stare as some sort of a signal and moved in his direction, wide hips swaying exaggerately, fingers snapping in time to the rock-and-roll music. A vision of Jacquie, clean and good, came to him, and with it came a feeling of guilt. This was not the place for him to be. He was about to get up and leave when she slid into the booth, blocking his exit.

"Hi, Honey," she said, beckoning to a broken-nosed waiter who stood nearby. "I'm Peppie. Wanna buy me a drink?"

"I'd just as soon not," Edward began. "I'm not lookin' for....."

"Thanks," she interrupted and ordered a drink from the waiter. "Now," she said, turning back to Edward with a business-like flourish, "what's your name, Honey?"

"The name's Kane. Edward Kane. But you'd best find somebody else to sit with."

"Oh, relax Eddy," she said, picking up her drink as soon as the waiter had set it down. "I won't attack you."

She seemed to find t h i s vastly humorous and threw back her head to laugh wildly and expose uneven and pointed teeth. The nearness of her nauseated Edward. She seemed to exaggerate all those traits which he disliked to see in a woman. But seeing that he could not possibly leave the table without actually climbing over her, he chose to stay where he was.

"Look here," he said, "If you want to finish your drink, fine! But you've got to leave afterwards."

"But why, Eddy?" she asked, affecting a pout. "Don't you like Peppie? Don't you want to have a good time? I'm v e r y reasonable about price."

"Just finish your drink and leave." Edward said firmly, glad now that he had taken the time to hide his money.

"Well now," she said, her sharp-featured-face reddening, "I guess we can't cut it. No sweat though, There's other girls here. Maybe I'm just not your type."

She had finished her drink and was ready to leave. Edward knew that he should say nothing more, but he could not help himself.

"I don't need other girls," he said. "I don't need you either. I've got a wife; a clean and decent wife. And just by sitting here talkin' the way you have been about price, you have offended her."

Peppie looked as though she had been slapped. There was no question of her leaving now. She was prepared to stay and do battle.

"Hey, pull up," she said, her voice indicating genuine hurt as well as ire. "If you don't like it don't knock it. So you've got a wife. So what? I mean, how do you know I ain't somebody's wife?"

There was a certain injured little-girlness about her outburst. Edward regretted having been so blunt.

"I guess you could be somebody's wife," he said, but doubting it very much. "I just wasn't thinking of you that way."

"I know how you were thinking of me, but I've got a 'flash' for you: I'd make a good wife. Lots of people, smarter people than you, have told me that."

"There's no doubt. No doubt at all," Edward said, sorry now that he had not given her a different reason to leave. His tie was tight on his thick neck and he was finding it as difficult to breath as he was to choose words. "I only meant that my wife is the kind of woman a man can be sure of. She's — well she's a good person."

"And I'm not a good person, is that it?"

"Now I didn't say that, You might be a good person --- on the inside, I mean... you might do plenty of good things. But a man like me thinks of a wife as being above the sort of thing you make your living at."

"A man like you thinks that, eh?" she said, getting up from the seat and standing, hands on wide hips, in front of him. "And just what kind of man are you? Like what's your claim to fame?"

"My only claim to fame is that I'm an honest man," he said. "But that must count for something. I'm a farmer, and I work hard for every cent I make."

"A farmer, eh?" she said, her dark eyes suddenly alight, seemingly in anticipation of scoring a point. "And you don't think a farmer would want to marry a girl that makes a living the way I do?"

"Well, I don't want to make you feel bad. But since you're asking me, No! Every man wants his wife to be only his --- first, last and always. What you do would drive any normal person away from any thought of marrying you. Can't you understand that?"

"What if the man didn't know?"

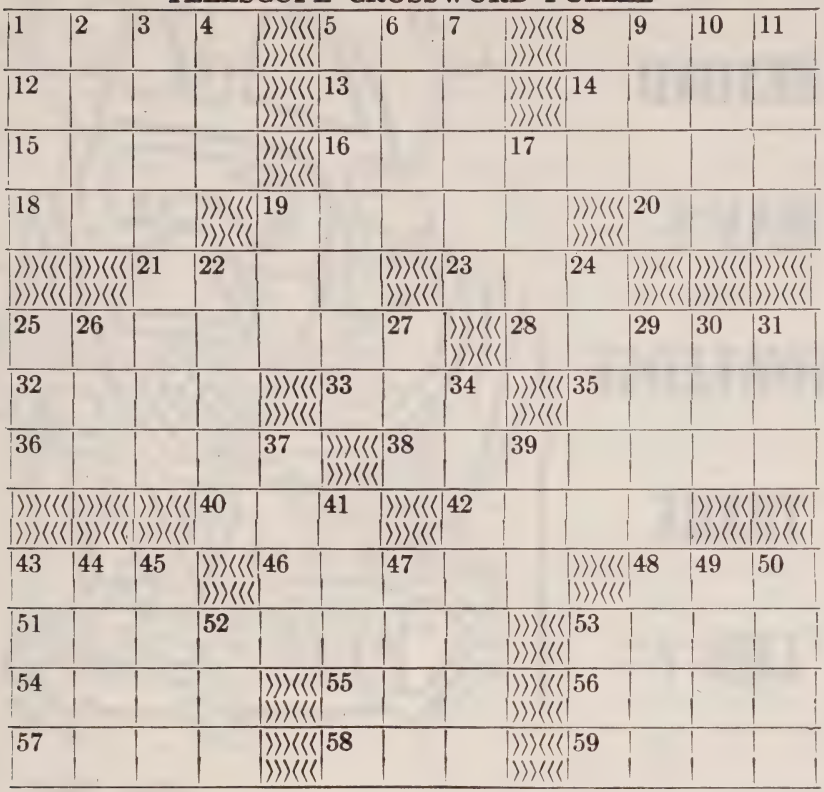
"That's hardly likely. A man can *sense* things like that about a woman. He'd know right off that she was no good."

"You don't know what your talking about! I personally know of a case to prove different. A girl who used to work this joint with me married a farmer. He sure didn't *sense* anything about her. She left here one afternoon last winter after latching onto him right out front of this bar. I think the only reason she married the guy is because she couldn't support herself with her gimpy leg and sick French accent."

With this, she spun on her heel and strutted angerly away from him. Only when she reached the bar did she bother to look back and when she did, she was startled to see the look of shock on the man's face.

It is true that you can't take it with you—but now you got it may determine where you go.

TELESCOPE CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Smack
5. Entangle
8. Mops do this
12. Bet
13. Stir
14. Greek Letter
15. Continent
16. Skilled
18. Cooking vessel
19. Rolls
20. S-shaped curve
21. Mohammedan Ruler
23. Spring
25. Superannuates
28. Sumit
32. Love
33. Lose firmness
35. Plant
36. Pain
38. Puffs up
40. Climbing plant
42. Beverages
43. Weep
46. Joyful
48. Faucet
51. Having three feet
53. Magpie
54. Dirty word
55. Consumed
56. Covers Cakes
57. Advocated
58. French pronoun
59. Imperial .....

DOWN

1. Barter
2. Lasso (Sp.)
3. Rabble Rouser
4. Legume
5. Developes
6. Month (Jewish)
7. Pulls
8. Part of Fish
9. Kind of tree
10. Suff. denoting origin (Pl.)
11. Cushions
17. To see at a distance
19. Tree
22. Joy or gladness
24. Part of a church
25. Note of music
26. Australian Bird
27. Cebine Monkey
29. Rubber bands
30. Share
31. Sandra .....
34. Twists in an old tree
37. In a certain degree
39. Insect
41. Foot diget
43. Punctuation mark
44. Read alound
45. To grasp
47. To calculate
49. High cards
50. Mexican Coin
52. Degree
53. Pastry

BEYOND MAN'S KNOWLEDGE THERE LIES ?

—Alan Baker

Early in the morning the alarm was sounded in the town as first warning of the approaching danger was received from an aerial observer. The banshee wailing of the community warning signal sent a collective chill of stark terror down the spines of the inhabitants and spurred them to frenzied action.

Abruptly, the business of the new day ceased and a strange form of activity commenced. The more populated sections of the town rapidly became deserted as the worried population hurriedly vacated their work areas and fled to places of safety in the surrounding suburbs.

Rushing to their dwellings, or even to strange homes, the inhabitants of the town prepared awkward fortifications of piled debris, soil, and stones, and feverishly attempted to seal up the doors and other openings against the outside air. Hastily they transferred supplies of food to the cellars and other places which they felt were the least vunerable to the impending attack. And in these lower floors and other places they hid in corners seeking refuge; they sat silently and waited, not knowing what else to do.

Stillness pervaded the town, and the streets, like bloodless arteries, were entirely deserted. Pieces of debris drifted along the main thoroughfare on the warm breath of a strong Autumn breeze; a wind which carried with it the dank smell of fear. In the sky, blue and clear, the benevolent sun flared brightly, but the terror-stricken inhabitants stared unseeing at the ground

and did not notice the sky or the sun.

Parents fidgeted like nervous youngsters and the youngsters regarded their parents with growing apprehension and tensed for some kind of strange and dangerous incident. The elders were acutely aware of the danger they faced their hearts beat wildly as they frantically dragged more and more debris to close off all the openings in their dwellings. They did not want that silent vaporous enemy to seep into their midst and wipe them all out of existence. The knowledge of what the warning signal meant was uppermost in all their minds. It was too definite, too irrefutable; it meant that many of them would soon die. Some of their youngsters would also die, and no amount of preparation, no barrier of hastily piled rubble, would prevent this from happening. The acrid smell of fear quickly thickened and began to nauseate them in the close quarters of their hiding places.

The warning signal ceased to wail; the sky darkened and the sun disappeared. The attack was underway!

A terrible concussion suddenly rocked the town and the world seemed to explode, disintegrate and disappear. Then followed the shrieking winds tearing homes apart and leaving death and destruction in their wake. Sheets of blinding white dust swept down upon the remains of the town. Gigantic structures shook and quavered in the gale, before crumbling and succumbing to the onslaught. Piles of rubble, which moments before had been their homes, formed dykes and islands in the streets and refuse fell as thick as hailstones from the sky.

The wind screamed over the stricken community and the outlying districts as it cut a swath of distruction and murder across the earth. It vanished as suddenly as it had come. Only moments had elapsed between the initial wave of horror and the great death-dealing blow.

Eventually, the sky once again became clear and blue; the sun returned and flared benevolently from the heights. The air was warm, but still slightly foggy with a white mist.

The town was quiet; the streets were strewn with the dead and dying. The enemy had left. All the inhabitants of the town and the town itself had been destroyed. Their mission had been a success!

Either crushed and suffocated by the shattered buildings, or poisoned by the deadly fumes of the gas which pervaded every nook and cranny, hundreds upon hundreds had died. Many family groups had died together, struggling for life in each others embrace. But rarely could these groups be distinguished from the individuals, because so many had died that day that all one could see were great mounds of twisted bodies lying in every direction. They died in agony, contorted with pain.

Gently the white dust settled from the air and capped the ruined town with an ermine shroud. Slowly, noiselessly it sifted down through the shattered roofs, doorways and exposed cellars: covering everything with a blinding, searing dust, filling the air with transparent, noxious fumes. It groped its way down into the subways and tunnels of the town still ready to kill all living things in its path.

On the streets the warm breeze playfully whipped little eddies of white dust around and formed banks like glistening dry snow against the build-

ings, coating the piles of rubble in ivory robes. The town was quiet—the inhabitants were dead!

Perhaps someday, others would come and rebuild the town. inhabiting it once more—but usually this did not happen. Out of fear all would avoid this scene of carnage, this place of death, and build their homes as far away as possible. Most would feel that a village, town, or city, once attacked, was likely to be so again if they rebuilt it.

So now the town would stand as a memorial to those who died. The corpses would rot unburied where they lay, and in time the wind would remove the remains; it would disperse the white dust and eventually the town would decay, returning once more to the earth from which it came.

Somewhere, not too far away from the scene of violence, a meadow lark trilled to its mate. It suddenly stopped when two men walked by. One man resettled the pressurized insecticide spray tank more firmly on his shoulder and snorted to his companion:
"Dammed ant hills!"

BOURBON SIPPING ILLEGAL

A prisoner in the New Bedford, Mass., County Jail looked forward to his wife's weekly visits with much anticipation. The visits were of a stimulating nature, according to the police who brought charges against the wife for allegedly feeding bourbon to her husband, by sliding a straw through the mesh screen that separates visitors from inmates.

(Via Presidio)

HE REALLY THREW BOOK AT JUDGE

Quebec:—A youth who reversed legal procedure by throwing the book at the judge, had an extra month tacked on a 5½-year sentence as a result.

Reynald Baribeau, 17, was being sworn in March 25, when he picked up the Bible and threw it at Judge Alphonse Caron. The Bible struck the judge in the face.

(Via Toronto Daily Star)

WHO GOES THERE FRIEND OR FOE

In Marshall, Texas, Robert Bell was "found guilty of murder with malice", but the authorities aren't holding it against him. In effect he has their thanks. The murdered man was James Brooks, "had been in numerous scraps with the police." Sentencing Bell to a 10 year suspended sentence, the judge stated that "the country is better off with the deceased no longer among us."

One woman to another: Why don't you go to him in a perfectly straight-forward way and lie about the whole thing?

The Rhythm Room

Reno Taylor

Friday, September 4, was the day several people from the Music Dorm were spotted sneaking out to the Recreation Yard to see how their bandstand was coming along for the 1964 Field Day. **Don Antone**, hammer banging, mouth full of nails, and both thumbs taped to the elbows, was working like a madman. But, unfortunately, just as **Don's** audience arrived the whole structure he had so far erected fell in on him. However, he kept trying and by Monday he succeeded in building us the sweetest little bandstand in all the yard. How he did it we'll never know. He certainly deserves a lot of credit for his efforts and we all applaud him.

Monday morning "A" Dorm was a real wild scene. The mad barber, **Doug Sauve**, was burning cork and running around darkening everyone's goatee (all of five day's growth). **Red Milne** proved to be hep at knotting our string ties and even helped the rest of us to lug the piano down four flights of stairs and out to the yard. Miracles will never cease .... **Robert Moxley** is said to have carried the drums out to the scene --- but this is unconfirmed. We would have to see it to believe it for this guy really fades when anybody mentions the word "work."

Field Day morning the bandstand featured the jazz, rhythm and blues show. This group has **Don Antone** on trumpet and sax, **Ken Caponi** on piano, **Al Thayer** on bass, **Ronnie Lobavitch** on drums, and **yours truly** on guitar.

We opened up with *"Basin Street Blues," "Who's Sorry Now"* and *"C Jam Blues."* **Don** soloed on *"Sugar Blues"* and *"Oh Mine Papa."* And **Al Thayer** played bass soloes on *"Perdido"* and *"One O'clock Jump."* We jammed up about thirty more numbers and then fled to the "Goodie Wagon."

After dinner, the **Rocking Pentones** made the scene. **Ernie Dillon** got the *"Heart Beat"* going with the drums, **Harry Monk** wailed in with his B-flat, tenor sax, **Ken Caponi** got the ivories jumping, **Al Thayer** picked up the beat with the bass, and **Billy Knight** and **I** cranked up our instru-

ments for the guitar work and all together wailed out with *"What I Say."* Instrumental soloists were **Ken Caponi** with *"Buggie Blues,"* **The Monk** wound up on *"Shake Rattle and Roll,"* **Billy Knight** swung out with *"Guitar Boogie Shuffle,"* and **Yours truly** cut loose on *"Suspicion."*

Ken Caponi sang *"Good Rocking To-night," Talk To Me Baby," Roll Over Beethoven"* and several others. **Red Milne** and **I** sang *"Just Seventeen, Jail House Rock, Twist and Shout"* and a few others. **Brian Onley** from CKWS Kingston, who was supposed to judge the twist contest and bring us in some Beatle Wigs, but he got hung up with the Beatle Show in Toronto and did not get here. We missed you **Brian,** but we hope to see you around the next time.

Gray Aubry started off the afternoon talent show with a little soft shoe **Joseph LeBlanc** sang *"Geisha Girl,"* **Lorne Brindle** sang *"Travellin Man,"* and our O'l Pro, **Walter Dumas** gave out with *"Shake a Hand."* The winner turned out to be a guy we have never heard very much of musically, **Bob Puckett. Bob** really did a bang-up job on *"Bo-Didley"* and walked off with all the honours.

Then came the Twisters! This is a dance that came into its own since I have been here and have never really saw this other than on T.V. Even on T.V. I never saw the twisting steps that these cats came up with! Like this twisting is something else! **Red Milne, Johnny Tryon, J.P. Hamel, Joe Connor, Ronnie Lobavitch** and **John "Droopy" Basker** were our better twisters. I'm glad I did not have to judge this contest because all these guys would have won. The final decision of the judges was in favour of **John "Droopy" Basker** and the **Jerry LaVern** team.

To the rhythm of *"Limbo Rock"* the limbo line started. There were many entries in this event. As the Limbo bar came down, the field was narrowed to a half-a-dozen finalists. Unfortunately I could not get the names of the six finalists. Perhaps, I should have checked the fracture boards in the hospital. **Jerry LaVern** came out victorious when the bar got to the twenty inch mark. No record but everyone had a ball.

Prison audiences are the hardest to play for, but since we had between two and three hundred guys around the bandstand **all day**, we sure could not prove it. These guys were the most appreciative, well mannered and swingingist audience we could have hoped for. The whole band takes this opportunity to return the applause the inmates gave them. Thanks fella's!

There are always unsung heroes who help to make this type of show a success: carpenters, electricians, and so on .... To these men too, we all owe our thanks.

To change the subject a little, we want to mention that there is a new sound around K.P. coming from the Protestant Chapel. Rev. Nickels with the help of **Mel Brown,** as organizer, have started a guitar club. A few weeks ago I went up to the Chapel to hear how they were coming along. The music was mainly Western Ballads, Folk Songs, and guitar instrumentals. This club is still in its infancy, but growing stronger every week. They have three guitar players: **Kenny Feltham, Ray Medal** and my own playing partner **Billy Knight.**

Well swingers, this may be my last article, for as rumour has it I may be fleeing to Joyceville this month. Words could never say the enjoyment which the writing of this column has gave me. These monthly chit-chats have meant a lot to me. To those who have voiced their opinions, for and against, things

So swingers, keep cool and I'll plant you now and dig you later.

IS CORPORAL PUNISHMENT NECESSARY?

T. Thompson

In a letter published by a leading Toronto newspaper, a man describing himself as a former Hungarin criminal lawyer, who was brought up in admiration of the English criminal law system, said he felt very much ashamed when he learned from a recent criminal sentence that the corporal punishment is still a living law in Canada. He continued to say that although he knew it existed in the penal code, he thought it had fallen into disuse.

He goes on to ask, what does corporal punishment intend to achieve? To correct the sentenced? Or just to humiliate the accused? He completes his letter by stating, "If the accused happens to be a tough man, the strokes will make him just tougher. If he has a sensitive ego, it will leave an indelible mark on him. Let us cut this punishment out of our penal code for good."

A second letter, published in the same newspaper, claims that the lash is still necessary and ridicules the same newspaper's view that it should be abolished.

To justify this point of view the author of this letter says that we live in a world of force and violence and we match it with armed forces and atomic weapons to survive. So, in the case of a youth who was sentenced recently to seven years and seven strokes of the lash, society must be prepared to use force and violence to protect itself from those who would destroy it with their brutality and crime. He goes on to state that, "Repugnant as this may be, it is one of the inevitable scars of living in this world, and we must suffer such until we can make this world paradise."

He then declares that if this kind of treatment were summarily handed out to a few of the young hooligans who infest our public places, their acts of violence and brutality would soon disappear. Is this really the answer?

Some authorities say that corporal punishment for certain offences is most effective, because it is prompt and feared by all. It combines the elements of the remedial, the deterrent, and the vindictive. It teaches the schoolboy or the criminal element that the doing of wrong is followed by the suffering of pain.

On the other hand, opposite viewpoints are shown by other top authorities who are in full agreement with the first letter quoted. They say that this punishment is degrading and otherwise harmful to the sensitive victim, while it is no deterrent to the hardened one, who sometimes even courts it.

The former say that when inflicted justly and without anger it does not brutalize the giver. In most schools it is resorted to only as a final punishment, while among prison inmates it can and is administered only for rebellion against prison discipline.

The latter claim that corporal punishment's brutalizing effect is seen when we reflect that those ages when parents and teachers resorted to it most were the most brutal in other respects. It appeals to the strain of cruelty that exists somewhere in everyone.

Those for it go on to claim that it accustoms a person to the hardships of real life. No bitterness is left after chastisement if it has been administered for good cause. And as it is impossible always to "make the punishment fit the crime," the amount of corporal punishment can be adjusted to suit the gravity of the misdemeanor.

Those against it say that children resent injustice coupled with indignity. If it hardens, every person but especially the 'good' people, ought to receive its benefits daily. It is an excuse for laziness and inefficiency in teachers. They are content with terror instead of discipline, and a bad teacher can continue his work when otherwise the impatience of the pupils would force a change in either the methods or the staff.

The other authorities would say that it is better than other punishments, such as impositions, which are deadening to mind and body. Schools and institutions which dispense with corporal punishment, especially with children, often substitute a most pernicious system of browbeating called 'moral suasion'. Impositions and detentions are harmful because they increase the number of hours a person is compelled

to spend indoors in physical inactivity. Their health is adversely affected and their natural restlessness is increased by the enforced restraint, so leading to further offences against discipline. Corporal punishment should be retained for criminals convicted of violence for it opens their eyes to the effect of their crimes on their victims, and since bullies are generally the greatest cowards, is one of the utmost value as a deterrent from future crimes.

But those authorities against this type of punishment state that impositions and detentions are *more* effective because they encroach on the leisure time of the miscreant and may even give an opportunity for reflection. Desire to stand well in the eyes of authority and public opinion is claimed to be a much higher motive for good behaviour than fear of punishment. In modern schools and penal institutions there is plenty of opportunity of physical exercise in the forms of games and gymnastics. Impositions and detentions even in girls schools are not considered by these authorities to have any bad effect on health.

The infliction of corporal punishment on an already antisocial person who evidently regards it as a legitimate means of achieving his ends is not likely to have any corrective action, and on the contrary will more probably lead to a deeper feeling of enmity towards authority and society.

Legal Clinic For Inmates (Via Toronto Star)

A new safeguard to the civil rights of accused persons has been established on an experimental basis at Toronto's Don Jail. A legal aid clinic is open each Saturday to all inmates who have not been tried and who have no funds to hire a lawyer.

Purpose of the clinic is to advise accused persons without council on such matters as court and legal procedure, their rights in law and information on such things as appeals, sentences and remands.

Two Rob, Stab Clerk, Are Robbed in Turn (AP)

N.Y. A thirteen year old boy, who looks younger stabbed a clerk in the back three times during a bizarre holdup in a Times Square hotel on May 5th. The clerk was taken to hospital in serious condition.

The four foot 78-pound boy and a 21-year old companion fled to the roof of a nearby theatre, where they themselves were robbed by a pajama clad theatre caretaker and before all three were arrested by the New York police. They had taken $21.00 which was dropped during the chase.

Call Canada Backward In Treating Criminals (Toronto Star)

An Anglican Clergyman said recently that a major cause of Canada's high prison population is the fact that the nation is socially backward in its treatment of criminals. Rev. S.G. West, director of correctional Chaplaincy for the Anglican Diocese of Toronto, was addressing delegates to the three day synod of Toronto which opened recently. Mr. West asked the synod to "give your blessings and support to conversations with other Christian bodies and social agencies devoted to solving the problem."

Vince Mulligan

JULY HANDBALL TOURNAMENT .... DYNAMIC SUCCESS.....

The eliminations had to be played in two groups—one for each alternate excercise night and the competitions for Blocks BECG, was much closer than the alternate Blocks of AFDH but this doesn't sell any of the competitors short on spirit.

The first set of draws brought Ted Partyka and partner Nick Yankula pitted against Glen Seip and Ray Pauluk. The game was a tough one, with each team having a total of 14 serves. The end results brought about a 15-13 victory for Glen and Ray. The following set saw Bruce Wilde and Don Fox persuade a deciding victory over Frank Francsics and Arnold Arnburg. Bruce and Don wasted no time in jumping into a 9 to 0 lead before giving their opposition a serve. The final tally, 15 to 3 in favour of Wilde and Fox.

The third set pitted Herb Handy and partner Steve Czuper against Walsh and Press, it's a well known fact around these parts that Steve and Herb are the tops in this game and they capably proved it by downing their opponents 15 to 2. A big thanks to Walsh and Press for joining forces in this tournament as one team was needed to balance the league at 8 teams.

The final set of the first round eliminations drew Bobby Simmons and Howie Breen against "laughing Boy Whitey" and Billy Pickard together, Billy is a recent arrival here and was also a last minute substitute. Final Score: 15-3 in favour of Simmons and Breen.

The second round elimination began with Herb and Steve defeating Glen and Ray by 15 to 4. This game was very fast with Herb dominating the play with some superb kill shots. The second round saw Bruce Wilde and Don Fox play a partial game against Simmons and Breen, this first game was nicely under way but was called by curfew, a new game was played on their next night out. The final score saw Bruce and Don winning by 15 to 12 and this of course brought them against Herb and Steve for the final round. Score: 15 to 0 with Handy and Czupor winning.

The second group playdowns of the tournament got into full swing when Rocky Thibeault and Red Milne met Nicky Freele and Ken McKnight. The game was full of excitement with the score being tied several times throughout. The final score was Rocky and Red over Nicky and Ken 15 to 9. A good gallery was on hand to witness these games.

The second game pitted Earl Harper and Paul Franks against Joe Sullivan and Gerry Ellison. This was beyond a doubt the best game of the tournament with each team having 30 serves. The game took a good hour to complete and each was matched by the opponent right up until the score was tied at 12-12. With Joe serving, their team went ahead to finish off at 15 to 12.

The next contest saw Red "Firebrand" McKillop, pair up with Harry Foster to defeat Don "G&W" Stewart and Willy Wilson by 15 to 8. This game looked like it had the makings of a close game at the start but once Harry and Red found the range, they didn't let up. At this time I would like to alibi for my two losing buddies—"Short Time" had them both by the ankles.

The second game of this round was a quickie and Goodwin and Staley barely got started when it was over. They both fell to a 15-5 defeat to the winsome "Firebrand" McKillop and Harry Foster.

The big and final game pitted McKillop and Foster against Handy and Czupor. With McKillop and Foster ending up in number two money. K.P. double handball champs are Handy and Czupor.

Final score in that game 21 to 7. A big thank you to Donny Antone another very highly rated handball player and enthusiast, for his accurate coverage of the entire tournament. A great job or reporting Donny.

PENNANT WINNERS LOSE PRISON PLAY-OFFS 5-4 COBRAS STRIKE WITH VICTORY VENOMED FANGS. PUNCTURE SPOILERS OVER-CONFIDENT VEINS .....

An exciting third game between Bensette's pennant winning Spoilers and Johnnie Hance's Cobras climaxed the soft-ball season.

The third game was forced after the badly beaten Cobras rallied from an 18-8 first game defeat. The second game was a squeaky victory as the Cobras defeated the Spoilers by a score of 5-4. Rodrique was the winning pitcher in the first game with the loss going to Cobra's hurler Speery. In the second game it was Cobras hurler Speery being credited with the win and Spoiler's Brindley the loss.

With both teams tied at a game apiece, the big guns were brought to the third and deciding game of the series. Although the Spoilers were 3 run favorites, they wholly underestimated the Mongoose bait. (Shades of Rudyard Kipling).

Cobras first run chanced long in the bottom of the first when second baseman Sullivan got on with a sharp single to right field, Windsor and Speery struck out. Johnston got a base on balls forcing Sullivan to advance to second. Robinson darted a liner out to left field driving Sullivan home. The third out came about when Wally Johnston was caught pants down trying to steal third.

Ernie Coates, Spoilers centre fielder slammed the pill over the wall for the only home run of the day. Coates' homer came in the Spoilers half of the second inning to tie the score. A costly error to Cobra's left fielder Upshaw allowed Druce of the Spoilers to score. Spoilers were front-running at this point of the game 2-1. Third and fourth innings remained scoreless. In the top of the 5th, Pappy McVeigh, Spoilers captain and starry short-stop slammed out a double and later scored when Johnnie Lalonde the catcher drove McVeigh across home plate with a hit out to centre field. Not to be outdone the Cobras retaliated in their share of the 5th with 3 runs scored by the marauding bats of Sullivan, Windsor, and Speeery.

Going into the 9th it was a 4-3 ball game with the underdog Cobras front-running. It was a do or die inning for the Spoilers and the tension increased as the pennant champs came to bat.

Pinch hitter Jack Purdue chipped out a single and because of a sore ankle was allowed a courtesy runner to replace him on first. Manager Bensette called upon the fleet feet of Lornie Brindley. The next two batters pulled a Casey and with heads hung low went back to the dugout. Pappy McVeigh picked up the timber, blasted a double that drove Brindley home. The ball game was all tied up. Lalonde grounded out to retire the side.

Speery the first of the 3 sure batters in the 9th to face the offerings of Hurler Rodrique was allowed a base on balls. Wally Johnston, batter number 2 flied out to centre field. Enter third baseman Sam Robinson, Sam's bat connected, drove a double, this moved Speery around to third and put Sam on second. Upshaws hit earned him an R.B.I. as Speery came in to win the ball game and the league championship for the Cobras. Winning pitcher - Speery. Loser - Rodrique.

LINE UPS

COBRAS		**SPOILERS**	
John Hance	Mgr.	Ralph Bensette	Mgr.
Yorkie	1st base	Monk	1st base
Sullivan	2nd base	Druce	2nd base
Robinson	3rd base	Bowman	3rd base
Benning	S.S.	McVeigh	S.S.
Upshaw	L.F.	Cummings	L.F.
Johnston	C.F.	Coates	C.F.
Windsor	R.F.	Hope	R.F.
McKnight	Catcher	Lalonde	Catcher
Speery	Pitcher	Rodrique	Pitcher

Science

FROM LASER TO DEATH RAY

Jack Caplin

Today scientists everywhere are seeking new and better ways of producing the Laser's powerful light beam. The first Laser's used "Synthetic Rubies" to generate very short flashes of light, but now there are Laser's using tubes of Neon — helium gas, which gives a continuous output. Such continuous Laser's, if perfected, could maintain contact with Astronauts during the critical re-entry period, when friction heat surrounds the capsule with a sheath of Plasma, or ionised gasses, which repels radio waves. Laser light *penatrates* plasma and could help future Astronauts avoid John Glenn's experience, when his Mercury capsule radios were completely blacked out for seven minutes during re-entry.

Perhaps the Laser's most remarkable property is displayed when it's beam is focused to a needlepoint. At this point the Laser's beam delivers power *thousands of times greater* than can be obtained by focusing heat and light from the sun—the largest source of energy in our solar system. The focused energy of the Laser's photons, or light waves, produces *enormous heat* — up to 18,000 degrees, or twice the temperature of the sun's white hot surface. A Laser, in a flash lasting only two-thousandths of a second, has drilled a hole through a diamond, the hardest known substance.

New ways are constantly being found to use the Laser's two special properties:it's narrow accurate beam and, when focused,it's intense heat. The Laser can distinguish distant objects much smaller than any detectable by radar and the apparatus is much more compact. Portable Laser rangefinders now exist that bounce light off the target and, by measuring the time taken for the round trip, give the distance to a fraction of an inch. In industry, Laser's can cut and weld any metal—for example, paper-thin metal foil can be cleanly cut without wrinkling.

The burning power of Laser light is finding unexpected uses in the medical field too. For following U.S.A. experiments with rabbits, a German surgeon is using a focused Laser beam to carry out delicate eye operations. In some cases where the retina, or "seeing surface" becomes detached from the back of the eyeball, the Laser beam can, with a single flash of light. . .burn a tiny spot on the retina and, by producing scar tissue, "weld" the retina back in place.

The possibility of even more dramatic uses of Laser's enormous power was highlighted by a remarkable accident at a research establishment in the United States in 1962. A worker more than a mile from the Laser under test received serious eye damage when he was hit with a single flash of light. Thus the science fiction "Death Ray" comes closer to reality with the prospect of using a burst of energy from a Laser to destroy armies or knock hostile rockets or space ships out of the sky. In the United States today millions of dollars are being spent to develop a Laser that could prove to be the *ultimate defense against missile attack.*

ESSAY

A LONG WAY HOME

S.S. HEATH.

The ripening fields and sleeping valleys stretched away from the highway and disappeared over the rims of the distant hills. The cottages, farms and homes that decorated the countryside made his heart beat just a little faster and he was suddenly filled with impatience to be home.

Home. Margaret, the two children, his mother and father and beyond that, a thousand jumbled pictures of everything half-remembered. H o m e. N o longer a cell with its narrow cot, chair, table and running toilet to keep you company, nor was it the intangible stuff of daydreams; the five long years of fantasies that played out their endless act and within whose dimensions. one could lose one's self so easily. Home was no longer an imagined paradise somewhere beyond a limestone wall that had seen two centuries pass and thousands of drifting souls like himself parading its strong, grim length. For home was just a few brief hours of humming tires and summer countryside away and already he could hear the wind whispering through the trees and feel the pine needles crisp and brown beneath his feet.

He leaned back into the cushioned seat and tried to relax. His suit, the traditional gift of farewell to Federal prisoners, felt tight and binding and the cheap, felt hat that ineffectually covered a prison haircut, felt like a band of hot, steel encasing his sweating brow. The bus shuddered to a halt and three girls, each of whom was perhaps fifteen years of age, made their way along the aisle toward him. As he looked at them, he was filled with a tender and confused emotion. Perhaps it was a twinge of regret because his own youth lay so far behind him.He thought of those years as squandered and he knew that youth was a treasure whose value was only appreciated by people who no longer had it. As one of the girls squeezed into the seat beside him, he felt a tightening in his chest and panic fluttered in his abdomen. He focused his eyes out of the window until the moment of uncertainty passed. When he had once again taken control of his faculties, he turned and surveyed the first girl he had been close to in more than five years. He was surprised and a little relieved to see that she hardly noticed him. Instead, she chatted gaily with her two girlfriends who sat directly across the aisle. He wondered why he should feel as if he was wearing a sign or something. He closed his eyes and visualized a tall glass, half filled with shaved ice and Canadian rye with a couple of ounces of ginger ale to take of the edge.

The wheels of the bus hummed against the stickiness of the asphalt pavement and ate up the miles of country side. The motion eventually sooth-

ed him to sleep and he dreamed that he lay in a pleasant meadow and the wild flowers wavered whenever a soft breeze caressed their long green stems. He lay on his back and gazed into the vast blue ocean of sky until it's canopy was shadowed by the figure of a young women who bent over him and who's full red mouth waited expectantly only in itself was not unpleasant, but it was a dream he had experienced many times in prison and, not infrenquently, he had awakened from it to experience the fullest measure of loneliness.

He awakened and noticed that some of the passengers were looking at him, some of them smiling indulgently. The girl who sat beside him was obviously embarrassed for him

"I was dreaming." He apologized. He felt very foolish.

She smiled and returned to the conversation with her two friends and he knew that it was all right.

He pulled out the magazine he had purchased at the bus station and, although he was unable to concentrate, he made what he hoped to be a successful pretense of reading it.

He thought about Joe and Larry, two pals he had left behind in prison.

"I'll write", he'd said, and Joe, who was a cynic had answered.

"Like hell you will! everyone says that".

"Okay, so I won't write". and they had all laughed.

He glanced at the unfamiliar weight of his wrist watch and saw that he had been free for exactly four hours and twenty-seven minutes. The bus was now moving in heavier traffic and a sign at the side of the highway informed him that downtown Toronto was only eight miles away. His pulse raced for a few moments and again, he felt a tremor of impatience to be home.

He didn't recognize Scarboro anymore. It was incredible that such a change could occur in the space of five years. Where once there had been only the unbroken land, except for a few farm buildings, there were now shopping plazas and six and eight lane highways. And in every spare acre of once fallow land, housing developments lay in neat rows, not unlike the vegetables they had displaced.

The plazas were crowded with people and the huge parking lots were littered with automobiles. Some of these lots had playgrounds for the children complete with minature rides, candy floss, and all the other allurments that made for sweet success.

He thought of his childhood in the city and the smell of the street with their shimmering asphalt pavement. The sounds of the children crying out in the parks on Sunday afternoons when the family picnicked. The schools he'd gone to and his teachers. Smoking in the boys basement, and the sting of the black, rubber strap exploding against his palms.

The bus pulled into the terminal and the girls preceeded him along the aisle of the bus and the driver gave them a hand as they stepped once again to solid ground. He watched them until they disappeared into the crowded depot.

There would be an hour and a half wait until the bus left for Owen Sound, so he decided to have a beer and relax until it was time to leave.

In a nearly deserted beverage room, he eased himself into a chair and ordered a pint of beer. He dropped a dollar on the table and soon enjoyed a drink which was cold and delicious. He ordered a second pint and saw with disgust that he still had over an hour to wait. He drank the second beer slowly and, leaving the change for the waiter, he walked out into the blinding sunlight. He was surprised to find himself a little unsteady and remembered that he had not eaten since early in

the morning. He went into the restaurant and ordered a sandwich. When the food was placed in front of him, he felt very self-conscious and had to force himself to eat. He realized that his solitary meals eaten in a cell had no doubt produced this effect, but it took a great deal of effort to finish it just the same.

He walked along the street taking his time and looking into every store window he passed. A young woman passed him on the sidewalk and he couldn't help but admire the smartness of her dress, or the effect produced by her tastefully applied make-up. "Do you want to go out?" she asked as he walked past her.

He looked at her a moment, not quite sure she had spoken to him, nor understanding what it was she had said. Then, as the strange words finally sank in, he saw her shrug her shoulders with cool indifference and continue along her way. He turned and retraced his footsteps walking the three blocks back to the terminal.

The bus had not reached the city limits when again he slept. He dreamed the horrible dreams of the newly released. Seeing himself once again in the prisoner's dock and the unfeeling hand of justice enclosing him in its smothering grasp.

When he wakened again, it was dusk and he was leaning against a soft, warm shoulder. He sat up blinking and rubbing sleep from his eyes. His seat companion, a woman in her early thirties, laughed at his apology and made him feel for the first time today he was a human being.

He learned that she was going to the same small town as himself and that she was the niece of a man that he knew.

"Are you vacationing too?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "something like that. Actually, I'm between jobs and my folks live up here".

At Owen Sound, they were informed that the last bus connecting with their destination had left and there wouldn't be another until morning. He argued with the man in the depot without getting any satisfaction and finally, a cab driver offered to take them the last eighteen miles for five dollars.

It was after ten o'clock when they pulled up in front of his father's two-story, frame house about a mile and a half from the town. He paid the driver, shook hands with the woman and walked across the highway.

He stood on the porch for a few seconds gazing into the night, then, taking a deep breath, he opened the door and stepped into the living room. His father rose to shake his hand and with a tear glistening in the corner of each eye, placed a kiss on the cheek of his son. He kissed his mother and aunt and shook hands with his uncle Archie.

"Where's Maggie?" he asked as his father placed a drink in his hand.

"Upstairs," said his mother, "she's upstairs getting ready for you, and they laughed nervously.

He placed the glass carefully on the sideboard and opening the stairway door, climbed unsteadily to the second floor. He saw the terrycloth bathrobe, a glimpse of warm, tanned flesh before it closed, and then she was in his arms and kissing his face as the tears streamed down her own. She was weeping and laughing at once and later, when he tried to figure it out in his mind, he could not remember what they had said to each other.

It had been a very long day and he had come a long way to be here, but at last he was home. He held his sleeping wife in his arms and pushed away the swimming memories and plans which filled his mind and soon, like the rest of the household, he slept. . . .

The 11th Commandment

T. Thompson

Not too long ago, a newspaper columnest told his readers that most prisoners are better off in jail than enlisted men are in the army. About a month after this brilliant statement was printed, a pale-faced, vacant-eyed, ex-army, indian fellow was ushered through the front gate of Kingston Penitentiary and put to work shining bars in the institution's main cell block. A week later, he was busy mopping floors. This is what he was doing when one of our reporters overheard him mumbling to himself.

Realizing that this was an ideal opportunity to get the pros-and-cons of the army-jail controversy our reporter said, "Hi Chief, what's the beef?"

"Son-of-a-gun, nothing but grief!"

"What's the matter, don't you like it here?"

"Well this isn't what I'd call my chosen career!"

"How does it compare with army life, my friend?"

"Well, if army was up, and prison was down, and we were to come here.. we would have to descend."

"Before you go on, what was your crime?"

"I held up a guy and took his last dime."

"A most despicable offence! And how much time did you get for stealing this dime?"

"Five years and 10 strokes across the spine."

"My, my, a harsh sentence for such a small sum!"

"Well, that's what you get when you go with a gun."

"Yes, so I hear—but was that your only crime?"

"No, I also impersonated a newspaper man for a week, one time."

"You what?" exclaimed the reporter doubting his senses.

"Yes, they said I was getting money under false pretenses."

"And how much time did you get for this my featherless friend?"

"Only three more months—tacked on the end."

"So now you do 5 years, 3 months, and a spanking thrown in?"

"Yes, a long time isn't it, for two weeks of sin?"

"Perhaps,—for your legal crimes, that is,—but for your moral crime, was it enough?"

"Well, I think my sentence was pretty damn rough!"

"Do you realize that you broke an unwritten commandment, my Algonquian brave?"

"No I didn't, you idiotic, loquacious knave!"

"The 11th COMMANDMENT says, *'Don't kick people when they are down'* and you did, that is, if you are the person I think you are...."

"And who would that be, you miserable son of a illigitimate Czar?"

"The guy who wrote the article about how good we have it here!"

"Yes, that's me alright—but I was in the army then...."

"Oh yeah—I see what you mean—well, I'll see you *friend*."

NELL THE BELLE

Nell was a girl from the country
Who went to the city to work
And got her a job entertaining the mob
At the bar-room of Joe the Turk

Now midst the song and ribald throng
In the den which might pass for a sewer
Sits Nell the belle as tough as hell
Who was once so simple and pure

She had learned the ways of the ruthless world
She has bartered her heart for gold
And now by the sight of candle light
She sighs...."I am growing old".

My charms are all faded my hopes are all jaded
My cheeks are losing their glow
Oh would that I were in Ottawa
In that farmyard of long ago.

For a moment she thinks of the chickens and cows
While the glasses about her clink
Then shaking her head all those thoughts are dead
And she laughs through her lips...."Let's drink!"

—Ron Druce

THE WISH

The mind is very often slow,
Responding to desire,
Sometimes you have to wait for days,
Wondering if this is the hour.

The hour that you will stop and think
Of all the wishes made by you,
The only one you ever wanted,
Is the one that will not come true.

The one where you will ask yourself,
Without giving it much concern,
Would I, if I could, do it over again,
And will I ever learn?

Whitey Houston

ACROSS		*DOWN*	
1.	Slap	1.	Swap
5.	Mat	2.	Laso
8.	Flop	3.	Agitator
10.	Wage	4.	Pea
13.	Ado	5.	Matures
14.	Iota	6.	Adar
15.	Asia	7.	Tolls
16.	Talented	8.	Fin
18.	Pot	9.	Lote
19.	Furls	10.	Otes
20.	Ess	11.	Pads
21.	Amir	17.	Espy
23.	Spa	19.	Fir
25.	Retires	22.	Mirth
28.	Yield	24.	Aisle
32.	Amor	25.	Rah
33.	Sag	26.	Emu
35.	Sloe	27.	Sai
36.	Hurts	29.	Elastics
38.	Inflate	30.	Lot
40.	Hop	31.	Dee
42.	Ales	34.	Gnarles
43.	Sop	37.	Some
46.	Merry	39.	Fly
48.	Tap	41.	Petal
51.	Tripedal	43.	Stop
53.	Pica	44.	Oral
54.	Oath	45.	Bite
55.	Ate	47.	Rate
56.	Ices	49.	Aces
57.	Pled	50.	Paso
58.	Les	52.	Phd.
59.	Esso	53.	Pie

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